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Bernhardt, Indefatigable, at 76 Writes a Book; Her Greatest Rival, Duse, 61, Asks Pension

Sarah's Admonitions to Those Pierced by Cupid's Darts Are Most Startling

The "Divine Sarah" Radiates Optimism Despite the Loss of One Leg—Italy's Premier Actress, Eleanora Duse, Now in Reduced Circumstances.

By Fay Stevenson.

IT is rather a striking coincidence that Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse, two of the world's greatest actresses, have recently had the limelight of the world turned upon them.

But what a contrast!

The one at the age of seventy-six, active, keen and awake to all the world, has written a novel of her own life and promises to write a play, while Mme. Duse, who is but sixty-one, is ill and has been forced to ask the Italian Government for a pension as an officer's widow.

ELEANORA DUSE

SARAH BERNHARDT
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Both actresses have been the greatest of their day. Both have played Camille and the same roles in the leading dramas. Both have loved and been loved as perhaps no other two women by their numerous admirers. The contrast lies in the fact that both are teeming with memoirs, but only Bernhardt seems able or ready to give them to the world.

"Live together but don't get married," was the startling advice Mme. Bernhardt gave through the columns of The World in 1909. "When a man feels that he is bound to a woman the union in most cases becomes irksome. As long as both are free they continue to love, for the very uncertainty of retaining a cherished possession makes one guard it the more carefully."

And in 1916 in an interview for The Evening World she said: "I was a mother at seventeen and a grandmother at forty-two. I pity women who wait till they are twenty-five to become mothers. They deprive themselves of life's greatest joy. They are old women before their daughters are grown up."

Now, Bernhardt has written a novel entitled "The Little Idol," whose publication will begin Sunday in the newspaper Excelsior. It is reported to cover the events and personalities of French life under so thin a disguise as to be easily recognized. The famous actress has already dabbled in painting and sculpture, but this is her first excursion into literature.

Just how much she will tell of her love affairs, of the parentage of her son Maurice, of Glairin, of Mucha or Lou-Tellegen will soon be revealed.

Bernhardt's only husband was a Greek actor whom she married in 1882, but Jacques Damala gave her much cause for jealousy, and despite her own love affairs she separated from him soon after her marriage. Later she was reconciled to him, and he died with his head upon her shoulder.

Duse, whose all-powering love for Gabriele d'Annunzio never died, though she vowed she would kill him, suffered most bitterly from the stings of love. Duse too had one child, a daughter. The little girl was born in wedlock to an Italian journalist named Cocchi. But for Duse there was only one great love.

Perhaps Duse would have suffered less when she lost the love of young d'Annunzio had he not written their love in "Il Fuoco."

"He has stolen my love and sold it!" cried Duse, and later when d'Annunzio was jilted by Ida Rubinstein she said, "He is receiving a dose of his own medicine."

There were other lovers in Mme. Duse's life, among them Jean Worth, the Beau Brummell of Paris, but for every woman there is but one real love.

Bernhardt had many lovers, but she was wedded to her art. Her art is living in her now. Bernhardt will always be awake. A book at seventy-six or a play at eighty will be no feat for her.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I DON'T care what you say, but we've really got to go somewhere!" said Mrs. Jarr peevishly, as she fanned herself by the open window. "Come here, Willie. Don't you want to go take a nice, cool bath?"

"I don't want to take any bath!" declared the little boy. "Every time I go to take a bath somebody comes in and washes me."

"Don't you want to take a bath, baby?" asked Mrs. Jarr of the little girl.

"No, I don't," said the little girl promptly. "It gets my hair wet."

"Why do ladies, young or old, object to getting their hair wet?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well," replied Mrs. Jarr, "you would know why if you had the discomfort of it. But, as I was saying, we've got to go somewhere for the looks of things. What can we say when people ask us 'Where did you go this summer?'"

"Tell them we went to the Thousand Islands or the Canadian Rockies or way up in Maine," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, that's all well enough if one lives in a private house," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But you can't do it in a flat. Everybody knows your business in a flat."

"I can't see how living in a private house makes any difference," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"It makes all the difference in the world," said Mrs. Jarr. "When the Bivinses had a private house they seldom went anywhere. They used to have the plank door and window shutters brought up from the basement early in July, and the front of the house boarded up made people think they were at Newport. They could slip out at night and buy things, but they had to be careful to come out by the area, and roughly dressed, that people might think it was the caretaker's family.

"It was Cora Hickett and her mother and their brother Aubrey—the one who won't work when he's offered anything, because he is determined not to let anything interfere with his career, you know—the one who plays the piano—who lived next door and betrayed them. That's why the Bivinses and Hicketts hate each other so."

"The women kiss when they meet," said Mr. Jarr.

As this was a matter that amounted to nothing among women, Mrs. Jarr did not even discuss it, but went on with the refreshing narrative of how the feud between those noble families of Bivins and Hickett began.

"The Hicketts suspected the Bivinses were in their house, which was all boarded up, summer before last," said Mrs. Jarr, "and they listened with their ears close to the wall till they made sure of it, then they reported to the police that the family next door to them were away for the summer and that thieves had broken in and were packing things up to take away.

"The police came around and broke in and there was Mrs. Bivins and her daughter Stella with their hair in plaits and wearing bedroom slippers and two old tea gowns and drinking lemonade with the gas lit, for the house was dark, boarded up in front and with the blinds down in the back.

"And a crowd collected, and Mrs. Bivins and Stella had hysterics and the Hicketts came in with smelling salts and pretended to be so sorry. But the police gave them away, and the Bivinses know the Hicketts had done it all on purpose, and, while the Bivinses do not discuss the matter, I know they are just waiting to get even."

"Well, what say we go camping out as caretakers in a boarded up house?" said Mr. Jarr. "Our friends will think we're out of town."

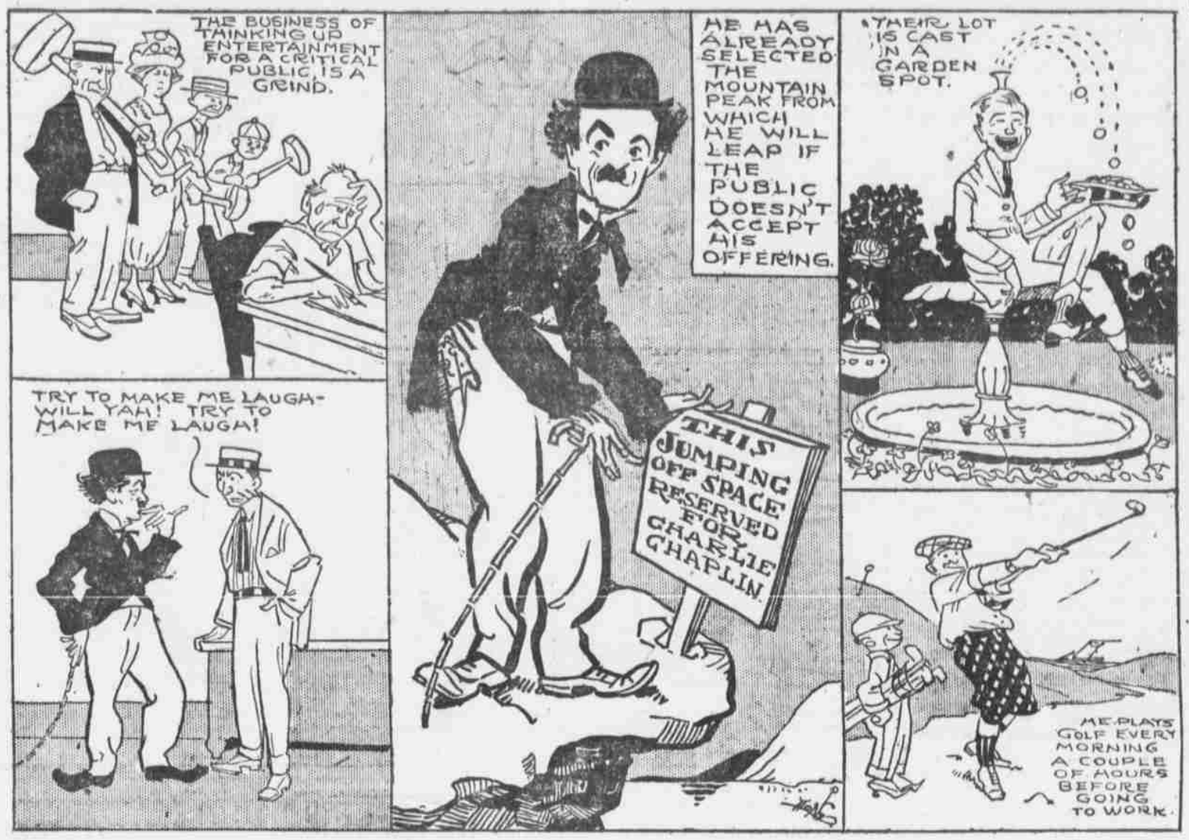
But Mrs. Jarr only sniffed at the suggestion.

Martin Green Tells More Hollywood Movie Secrets

How Charlie Chaplin Failed to Make Vince Bryan, Late New York Song Writer and "Fighting Optimist," Laugh

H. H. Van Loan, Old Gotham Reporter, Acquires Gold and Auto.

Any Old Movie Costs $50,000 to Produce These Days.



This is the third of a series by Martin Green, in which the intimate truths about the cinema industry are revealed. Read this story and the others which follow and get the biggest surprise of your life.

By Martin Green,

(Staff Correspondent Evening World.)

LOS ANGELES, July 25.—The demand for specialized brains in the creation—not the manufacture—of motion pictures opens up a field of endeavor to competent journalists which promises to have its effect in every metropolitan newspaper office in the country before another year has rolled around.

The fundamentals of the right kind of a newspaper article or editorial are terseness, accuracy and continuity.

New York newspaper men are rapidly entering the field of writing motion picture stories and scenarios for the Hollywood Studios and are quite in control of the technical work of preparing scripts for actors and directors and writing the titles which illustrate the stories as they are unfolded to audiences on the screen. Probably the most conspicuous success scored by New York happy exiles in creative film work is that of H. H. Van Loan, who was a reporter on The Evening World not so very long ago, dabbling in writing for the movies as a side line until the movies got him. Now they are coming to Van Loan and he writes his own ticket for his services.

Van Loan has recently built a beautiful house in Glendale, a mountain suburb. His car is always waiting. Just at present he is in New York closing contracts which will keep him busy out here for months.

A moving picture that doesn't make good is about the deadest thing in the world. Almost any sort of a pretentious production costs at least $50,000 nowadays. Persistent patrons of the movies may say that it is impossible to write a moving picture that exhibitors won't buy, but the record of complete failures is long and harrowing. For that reason the business of producing pictures is drifting exclusively into the hands of specialists who can forecast the future of a screen enterprise with some degree of surety—although few pictures have been put out carrying assurances of positive financial success. Even such a sure fire producer as Charlie Chaplin anticipates with dread the exhibition of his next picture, which will be the most ambitious of his career. He says he has already selected the mountain peak from which he will leap if the public doesn't accept his offering.

Tom Geraghty, whose reportorial footprints are still visible along Park Row and around Herald Square, is another prominent instance of a New York newspaper man who came out here, grappled with the creative end of the game and conquered it. Geraghty is more or less of a free-lance, although the Lasky-Famous Players Corporation is taking most of his work at present.

Fred Bingham—or is it Fred?—anyhow he was the managing editor of the Paris Herald for a number of years and worked on New York newspapers recently—is one of the standbys in the scenario department of the Goldwyn Company, which scenario department, by the way, stands off all by itself in a combined forest and flower garden and is equipped with every convenience and comfort that the most exacting brainworker could desire.

One of the best-known newspaper reporters in New York in recent years was Bert Le Vino. Out here he is known as Albert Shelby Le Vino, a scenario expert of the Metro forces. He lives with his charming family in a home that would be a show place in Larchmont, plays golf every morning a couple of hours before he goes to his desk and parks one of the snappiest cars in Hollywood; all in three years and a half.

Albert Shelby is one of a class invaluable to the moving picture industry. He is a fighting pessimist. What is a fighting pessimist?

Answer: A fighting pessimist is a writer who is persistently dissatisfied with his own work and everybody else's work. He is a free and conscientious critic and they have to listen to him. When it comes to the final trial of a film in the Metro studio the responsible party asks:

"What does Le Vino think of it?"

"Well," says, maybe, Percy Heath, who is a sort of Simon Legree in the Metro scenario department, "Le Vino thinks it may go."

"Then, for God's sake," shouts the responsible party, "let it go. It must be good."

But, take Vince Bryan, the well-known New York song writer, who was born over on the west side next door to Vince Treanor and was as much a part of New York as Columbus Circle is until he succumbed to the lure of the movies, he is a fighting optimist. For a long time one of his self-imposed tasks was to start Charlie Chaplin on a day's work full of good cheer and laughter.

The fighting pessimist of the Chaplin outfit is Billy Reeves, who will be remembered by hundreds of thousands of New York vaudeville fans as the laughable stage souse. Reeves has created merriment the world over by his portrayal of a gentleman in a high hat and a brannigan persistently trying to break his neck. By nature, Reeves is the soul of gloom—and it is he who meets Chaplin first when Chaplin reaches his studio in the morning.

Naturally Chaplin, who absorbs temperament, would go on the lot full of Reeves forebodings until Vince Bryan took a hand and cheered Charlie up by telling him funny stories and reciting impromptu verses. All went well until one day Vince contracted pneumonia or something and didn't show up; he didn't show up until the third day, and when he did show up his face looked like the soul of the British Empire at the time when Field Marshal Haig announced to the world that the Allies were fighting with their backs to the wall.

"Vince, old chap," said Charlie, "you don't appear to be quite fit, if you know what I mean."

"Say," thundered Bryan, grabbing the little comedian by the shoulders and looking him in the eyes, "you make the whole world laugh, don't you?"

"Why," replied Chaplin, with due modesty, "I've been—er—told so."

"Then," double thundered Bryan, "try to make me laugh, will yah. Try to make me laugh."

This Dimpled Darling Shows Us How to Reduce the High Cost of Bathing Suits.

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MISS INDIA HUGHES of Los Angeles, Cal., registered a most ingenious protest against the high cost of bathing suits. She made one from an old sugar sack, which cost her only 15 cents and a few hours' work, and was as pretty as a more expensive one. She looked so charming in it that it is expected more girls will take up the fad, and a real dent will be made in the bathing suit business.

Lucile the Waitress

By Ring.

"AIN'T it funny," said Lucile the Waitress, as the Friendly Patron cracked a roll with the handle of his knife, "how a person in a public position like me is apt to get off wrong now and then?"

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much, I guess," replied Lucile. "Only I did a lot of talking in here a while ago that never got me nowhere."

"How was that?"

"Well, I'm busy shooting the pastry when in comes Jennie, a girl who used to work here. She's got a man with her, and they sit down and order a bunch of food. Now, I'm wise to the fact that Jennie has told Henry Binkerman, the fat chauffeur who drives for the Red and Blue, that she'll marry him. So when I see her with this strange guy I'm a little sore. It ain't etiket at all. After a while I go to her.

"'Howdy, Jennie,' I says. 'How's Henry?'

"She kinda blushes. 'All right, I guess,' she says.

"'Sponged him off the slate?' I ask.

"'Not exactly,' she tells me, looking down at the poison card.

"'Playing 'em double, eh?' I says, with just a touch of sneer in my voice. "'No, I ain't,' she replies. Then she adds: 'Why don't you go rattle your dishes?'

"That gets my goat in the extreme. Here I am trying to stand up for Henry and her talking like that. I give her one look.

"'Listen, lady,' I says, 'this duplicate perfidy won't get you any medals. You're a fine one.'

"'Forget it, friend,' says her escort. 'This young woman and me are going to take a trip and we come in here to eat, not to discuss gentlemen friends.'

"I'm flabbergasted. For a minute I can't spout. Then I find my voice and shoot back.

"'I know this girl,' I says. 'I ain't seen her for six months but I know she's got a close friend in a fellow that I like. She oughta be ashamed of herself.'

"Then it happens. Jennie begins to sob. 'Lay off me, Lucile,' she says. 'This man's a officer. He's going to take me to the Bedford Reform School because I wore somebody else's hat away from the store.'

"Well, there you are! The tears come into my eyes, too."

"What did you do?" asked the Friendly Patron.

"What did I do?" replied Lucile. "Say, I just throwed my arms around that poor little thing and give her a big kiss. She's got a old mother on Tenth Avenue. Hurry up and order your dessert, please. I gotta get over and see the old lady."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1920

Did YOUR Ancestors Come Over In the Mayflower? Ship's Beams Now Part of Old English Hostel

Beer, Wine and Spirits Replaced Tea and Coffee on Memorable Voyage

Dr. Rendel Harris, an English Investigator, Claims to Have Evidence That the Timbers of the Pilgrims' Seagoing Vehicle Are Now Doing Active Duty at Buckinghamshire.

By Maguerite Dean.

AMERICANS are to have a new and romantic European rendezvous. In this summer of 1920, just before the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, for which extensive plans have been made at Plymouth, Dr. Rendel Harris, an English investigator, has produced evidence as to the final disposition of the timbers of the ship which is a veritable "Ark of the Covenant" to all patriotic Americans.

According to Dr. Harris, these timbers form a part of a beautiful structure known as Old Jordan's Hostel at Seagreen, in Buckinghamshire. The worn, worm-eaten old oaken beams supporting the roof are believed by Dr. Harris to be part of the hull and deck of the Mayflower. And the following proofs are adduced to uphold this theory:

MAYFLOWER

There seem to be marks on some of the beams showing that they once held ship's rivets and tackle. Experts who have examined the wood declare they were once ship's timber.

The letters "Har" are found on one of the beams, and, according to the records, the Mayflower's port of destination was Harwich.

Most romantic clue of all, there are certain decorations on some of the beams which may be intended to signify the "Mayflower" emblem.

According to a neighborhood tradition, a Quaker formerly lived in the vicinity and followed the profession of shipbreaker—that is, he obtained the timber from old ships and sold it to the farmers of the surrounding country, who were glad to buy because of a famine in homegrown oak.

Which really makes a quite respectable army of evidence, and it is hinted that Dr. Harris has still other proofs which he will reveal next September in Plymouth.

The last notable Mayflower relic to be unearthed was the so-called "Log of the Mayflower," the actual title of which is, "History of Plymouth Plantations, Containing an Account of the Voyage of the Mayflower," and written by Gov. William Bradford. In 1897 this manuscript was ordered restored to America by the English and was brought here by Thomas F. Bayard, former Ambassador of the Court of St. James's.

According to this contemporary record, the Mayflower finally sailed from Plymouth, Sept. 6, 1620, after having put back once and received part of the Pilgrims who first had set sail in the unseaworthy Speedwell. It often has been said that judging by the number of ostensible descendants, the Mayflower must have been more crowded than any modern immigrant ship, but, according to Gov. Bradford's list of passengers, there were only about ninety, including nineteen women, ten young girls, one infant, and some children.

At that they were greatly crowded. They ran into much bad weather and suffered agonies from seasickness induced by the North Atlantic gales. During one storm the ship seemed in such danger that the sailors murmured and wished to turn back, and a mutiny was narrowly averted.

Their food was of the most primitive variety, and not too plentiful. It consisted largely of hard bread, butter, cheese, dried salt codfish, smoked herring, smoked ham and bacon, dried neat's tongue, pressed and potted meats and a small quantity of fruit. Mush oatmeal, peas, puddings, salt beef and pork, bacon, spiced beef, also cabbage, turnips and onions could be cooked in quantity when the weather permitted and often cold.

But, at least, Prohibition was not among the Pilgrims' "sea of troubles," and we read with envy that "beer, wine and spirits took the place of tea and coffee."

Early in November, after two months at sea in a boat with which nowadays we should hesitate to navigate Long Island Sound, they sighted Cape Cod, reaching its harbor Nov. 11, 1620.

And the quaint old chronicle of the first and most famous transatlantic liner, whose "bones" have just been discovered, ends thus: "Being thus arrived in good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees on the deck of the ship and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean."

Surely no American who goes abroad will miss seeing the part of this illustrious heritage which now is contained in the structure known as Old Jordan's Hostel.

Maxims of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

IT wasn't Hope that they let out of Pandora's box, as a mitigation of all the other evils—but Divorce.

The traditional discomfort of the cynical bachelor in the presence of white-souled innocence is as nothing to the embarrassment of the Modern Young Woman when she meets a masculine crusader for the single standard of morality.

Why is it that the man with the prettiest and nicest wife is always the male who tries to flirt with every girl in his office?

If you touch them, they vanish—moonlight, sea-foam, dew, summer love.

Of course, Marie, a woman should ALWAYS thank the man who gives her his seat in the subway—but there is such a thing as being struck dumb by surprise.

Marriage may be heaven or hell, but most often it is an emotional purgatory, from which fervent prayers win no deliverance.

Definition of a gentleman: A person who not only takes off his hat in the elevator when ladies are present, but who takes his cigar out of his mouth.

The real test of conjugal affection, these days, is whether she sends you with a smile into her clean kitchen to fracture the Eighteenth Amendment.

Intuition is what tells a girl that a man is going to kiss her—and what tells him not to ask permission.

The motto of every "poor little woman": If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again.